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THE
Grant Songster



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

HANEY & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

119 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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GRANT
SONGSTER.



NEW YORK,
HANEY & CO., PUBLISHERS,
119 Nassau Street.

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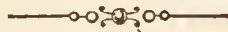
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
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HANEY & CO.

THE GRANT SONGSTER.

Charter Song of the Grant Club.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

(By Permission.)

AIR—*Benny Havens, Oh!*

Come fill your glasses, fellows,
And stand up in a row,
On a Presidential drinking
We are going for to go ;
Let us trample down all party ties
Beneath our love of right,
And proudly claim Ulysses Grant
As captain of our fight !
So, for President Ulysses
Let every glass be bright—
May he rule the country he has saved,
And God defend the right !
In the world to-day no prouder name
Is borne on any breeze,
And with Grant to steer the ship of State,
Our flag shall rule the seas ;
No "Dominion" shall be north of us,
And south of us no foe—
Our Stars and Stripes in the Canadas,
And likewise Mexico !

For with President Ulysses
Will be few who care to fight—
May he rule the country he has saved,
And God defend the right!

His hand is soft to meet a friend
And mailed to meet a foe—
He's the Mississippi river-horse,
Resistless as its flow;
And our brethren of the beaten States—
These "aliens" of to-day—
Will find a generous hand held out
When Grant has come to sway!
For generous is Ulysses
To the men who felt his might—
May he rule the country he has saved,
And God defend the right!

So, boys! a final bumper,
While we all in chorus chant—
"For next President we nominate
Our own Ulysses Grant!"
And if asked what State he hails from,
This our sole reply shall be,
"From near Appomattox Court-House,
With its famous apple-tree!"
For 'twas there to our Ulysses,
That Lee gave up the fight—
Now, boys, "To Grant for President,
GAnd do defend the right!"

Cheer, Boys, Cheer!

Cheer, boys, cheer, in loud and joyous chorus,
Right gives us might; the fight we're sure to win!
Cheer, boys, cheer, the foe is now before us:
Sound, trumpet, sound! let the battle now begin!
Manhood and honor, all the round world over,
Wait for our triumph in the coming fight:
Let not a soul now dare to be a rover,
Strike! and remember that right gives us might!

CHORUS.

Cheer, boys, cheer, in loud and joyous chorus!
Right gives us might; the fight we're sure to win;
Cheer, boys, cheer, the foe is now before us,
Sound, trumpet, sound! let the battle now begin!
Hear, boys, hear, our country fondly calling,—
Think of the brave who fought this fight before!
Once more the foes of Right and Truth are falling;
On! let us fight our country's battles o'er!
Shame and dishonor must befall the nation,
If, in the strife, our holy cause be lost!
Courage! we'll prove our troubled land's salvation:
Fight for the Cause, and never count the cost!

(CHORUS.)

Cheer, boys, cheer! our cause is great and glorious;
Manhood and courage ever win the day!
Our noble leader always is victorious;
For his success the good and true will pray.
Cheer, boys, for Grant, for Freedom and for Union!
How can we fail, in such a glorious cause?
Vigilant and firm, in generous communion,
We will protect the Union and her laws. (CHORUS.)

Mass-Meeting Song.

AIR—*Nelly Bly.*

Come along, free and strong, from the prairies wide,
From plain and fertile valley, come, and from the mountain side ;

Come and hear the stirring speech, the noble, thrilling song,

Come with hearts so warm and true,—Oh, come, come along !

CHORUS.

Rouse, toiler ! rouse, freeman ! tarry not at home !
Columbia's call extends to all ! let every patriot come !
Boys in blue, ever true, come with us to-day ;
Bring the good old flag along, and let the bugles play !
Columbia's honor is at stake, destruction looms in view ;
So come along, free and strong ; the country looks to you !

CHORUS.

Rouse, soldier ! rouse, hero ! come with fife and drum !
Columbia's call extends to all ; let every soldier come !
Leave the shop, never stop, men that swing the sledge !
Joiners true, and masons too, give us the sacred pledge !
Every man that earns his bread by honest, manly toil,
Come, and prove you dearly love your own, your native soil !

CHORUS.

Rouse, toiler ! rouse, freeman ! make no delay ;
This brother's call extends to all ; so come with us to-day.
Ladies fair, everywhere, mother wife and maid,
'Tis to you, women true, Columbia looks for aid :
Husband, lovers, wait for them, be sure to bring them in ;
Whatever cause has their applause, can never fail to win !

CHORUS.

Hear the call, people all, tarry not at home ;
Columbia's call extends to all, let all the people come.

Wait for Election.*AIR—Wait for the Waggon.*

Oh, all ye patriotic men, despairing of the times,
 Who can't be easy when you think of Johnson and his
 crimes,
 Who wonder how much longer our necks must tamely
 bend,
 Just wait for Election, and we'll all see the end.

CHORUS—Wait for Election, wait for Election,

Wait for Election, and we'll all see the end.

'Tis galling, now, to recollect the faithless Johnson's
 deeds,
 To have our patience thus abused, to see our Country's
 needs;
 'Tis weary all this waiting, in hopes that things will mend,
 But wait for Election, and we'll all see the end.

(CHORUS.)

These selfish politicians we've trusted far too much;
 One thing is very certain, we'll have no more of such;
 A little further patience—which pray the gods to send—
 Just wait for Election, and we'll all see the end!

(CHORUS.)

The President the country needs must follow in the track
 That Washington and Lincoln trod, support he will not
 lack;

The good and true will everywhere his policy commend;
 Just wait for Election, and we'll all see the end.

(CHORUS.)

In Grant, the honest soldier, the people find their choice!
 In praise of his straight-forward ways, they now lift up
 their voice;

They look to him, in times like these, as to a trusted
 friend:

Just wait for Election, and we'll all see the end. (CHO.)

It's Good to be Honest and True.

AIR—*We Won't go Home till Morning.*

It's good to be honest and true, boys,

It's good to be honest and true, boys,

It's good to be true to your Flag, boys,

The glorious Red, White and Blue.

Then here's to the man that is true,

To the Red, the White, and the Blue,

Oh, it's good to be honest and true, boys, &c.

It's good to be true to the Union,

It's good to be true to the Union,

It's good to be true to the Union,

The honest old Union of yore.

Then here's to the lad that is true,

To his Flag and the Union, too.

For it's good, &c.

It's good to be true to your comrades,

It's good to be true to your comrades,

It's good to be true to your comrades,

Who marched and fought by your side,

Who marched and fought by your side,

And think of it now with pride!

Yes, it's good, &c.

It's good to be true to your leaders,

It's good to be true to your leaders,

It's good to be true to your leaders,

And this good soldiers know,

And this good soldiers know,—

'Tis true, for they all say so,

Yes, it's good, &c.

The Tanner of Galena.

AIR—*Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl.*

Comrades, fill your glasses now,
 Fill them to the brim, boys!
 Let us toast old U. S. G.,
 Drink success to him, boys!

CHORUS.

He's a man the soldier loves,
 He's a man the soddler loves,
 He's the man—he's the man—
 The Tanner of Galena.

Tanning is a useful art,—
 As by him applied, boys!
 Many days he bravely toiled,
 Tanning rebel hide, boys! (CHORUS.)

Not by bark alone tanned he—
 'Twas far more by bite, boys!
 And the wise ones all agree,
 He served the rascals right, boys!
 (CHORUS.)

Should the rebs once more conspire,
 And put their heads together,
 Doubtless they will all agree.
 There's nothing now like leather.

CHORUS.

Then, comrades, fill your glasses up,
 Fill them to the brim, boys!
 Here's the health of U. S. G.,
 Drink success to him, boys!

What's the Cause.

AIR—*Tippecanoe and Tyler too.*

What has caused this great commotion—
Motion, motion, the country through?
It is the ball a-rolling on—

CHORUS.—For U. S. Grant, the boy in blue,
For U. S. Grant, the boy in blue
And with him we'll beat any man—
Man, man, of their rebel crew;
And with him we'll beat any man.

What's the cause of this martial music—
Music, music, and shouting, too?
It is the army,—and in the van—

CHORUS.—Is U. S. Grant, the boy in blue,
Is U. S. Grant, the boy in blue;
And they mean to take every man—
Man, man, of the rebel crew;
And they mean to take every man.

Who are the enemy in this battle—
Battle, battle, and why so few?
It is the Copperheads,—and they fear—

CHORUS.—Old U. S. Grant, the boy in blue,
Old U. S. Grant, the boy in blue;
For he means to fight, this year—
Year, year, all the rebel crew;
And they've got to fall this year.

Rallying Song.

AIR—*Vive L'Amour.*

Let every patriot hie to his post—

CHORUS.—“Grant!” be your rallying cry.

Come in your might like a conquering host—

CHORUS.—“Grant!” be your rallying cry.

GRAND CHORUS.

Rally, boys, rally, the foe is awake!

Rally, boys, rally, the foe is awake!

Come with a run,

Come with a gun,

“Grant!” be your rallying cry.

Arouse! for the day of the battle is come—

CHORUS.—Rally for victory!

March on to the sound of the fife and the drum—

CHORUS.—Rally for victory! (GRAND CHORUS.)

The host of the rebels once more is arrayed—

CHORUS.—Rally for victory!

March on, loyal men, with your banner displayed—

CHORUS.—“Union and U. S. G.!”

(GRAND CHORUS.)

Once more let the might of the nation be shown—

CHORUS.—Rally for victory!

Once more let the will of the freeman be known—

CHORUS.—Rally for victory! (GRAND CHORUS.)

Our leader is gallant, our cause it is just—

CHORUS.—Rally for victory!

We know we shall win, for in God is our trust—

CHORUS.—Rally for victory! (GRAND CHORUS.)

Grant and his Segar.

AIR—*Wait for the Wagon.*

’Twas on a fine Spring morning,

Not long before the war,

That U. S. Grant sat reading the news

And smoking his segar.

What makes the smoke so fiercely curl,
Why shines his eye so bright?
He reads that Anderson has gone
To Sumter in the night.

CHORUS.

Puff away, Ulysses,
Puff away, Ulysses,
Puff away, Ulysses, -
And think with all your might!
That fine smoke after breakfast,
It did Ulysses good;
Before 'twas done, the subject
Was clearly understood.
Ere many days were over,
The country's glad to know,
Bold Captain Grant was marching
To fight the rebel foe. (CHORUS.)
He smoked and fought so bravely,
In many small affairs, --
He soon was made a General,—
The name our Grant still bears.
He saved the day at Shiloh,
At Corinth he was great:
But all he did at this time
I cannot now relate. (CHORUS.)
It must have been a good segar
He smoked at Donelson;
For everything worked splendidly,
And fighting seemed but fun.
But when they asked too liberal terms,
He told those rebel Turks
His only terms were—he “proposed
To move upon their works.” (CHORUS.)

It took a deal of smoking,
To smoke 'em out of Vicksburg;
But, long before they'd quit the place,
They thought it was Old Nick'sburg.
Old Pemberton—delighted
To have a quiet smoke—
Was ready to confess, their cause
Was nothing but a joke! (CHORUS.)

His Wilderness adventures
The rebels felt the sorest;
We learn from them, the strange effect
Of smoking in the forest.
And, when at length enabled
To offer Lee a "Concha,"
He says, as Lee is lighting it,
"Don't let this business haunt you!" (CHORUS.)

In the present "situation,"
There's much for Grant to ponder;
So let him smoke, while pondering,
For fear his mind should wander.
And should the rebels rise again,
No honest man can doubt
That General Grant is just the man
To smoke the rascals out. (CHORUS.)

The Union Wagon.

AIR—*Wait for the Wagon.*

Come all, from every party,
Crowd in from every side;
Come, jump into the wagon
And we'll all take a ride.

We've got the fastest pony,
That ever ran a race;
And we've got the truest driver
That ever filled the place.

CHORUS.

Jump into the wagon—
The old Union wagon;
It's strong enough and long enough
To give us all a ride.

There's nothing on the track, boys,
That makes the slightest show,
Compared with our old wagon—
And this the people know.
The sports may bet their piles on us,
Our time cannot be beat;
We're bound to take the purse, boys,
And never lose a heat. (CHORUS.)

The other nag *looks* well enough
And may deceive a few,
But the wagon's worn and shaky,
And it holds a shaky crew;
The driver may as well give up
Before the word to "go;"
He never can get round the course,
And this the people know. (CHORUS.)

Our driver's lit a fresh segar,
The reins are in his hand,
A million eyes are watching us
Throughout our happy land.
All ready boys! the time is up!
Crowd in from every side;
Fill up the Union wagon,
For our grand and glorious ride. (CHORUS.)

The Flag of the Free.

AIR—*We are Happy and Free.*

Breezes, wild and free,
That have played with the Starry Flag,
Murmur its praise with glee,
To the forest and mountain crag!

CHORUS.

Glorious as a Flag can be—
Great and free on land and sea!
Many a land sends love to thee,
Glorious Flag of the Free!

Rivers, swift and free,
Ever rolling in might along,
Tell of its worth, to the sea,
In a melody true and strong. (CHORUS.)

Mountains, hoary and grand,
Lo! the valleys look up to you!
Tell to the listening land,
'Tis the Flag of the brave and the true!
(CHORUS.)

Sons of the generous land,
(As in Heaven you place your trust!)
Tell to your infant band,
'Tis the Flag of the true and the just!
(CHORUS.)

Grant and the Union.

AIR—*Battle Cry of Freedom.*

There's a host of loyal freemen, with hearts so warm and
true,
Shouting for Grant and the Union;

From the East and from the West, hear them call for
me and you,
Shouting for Grant and the Union.

CHORUS.

Our leader forever, the tried and the true,
On to the battle, brave boys in blue,
And we'll fight the grandest fight that the Nation ever
saw,
Shouting for Grant and the Union!

Oh, the time is come for action, we'll nobly do and dare,
Shouting for Grant and the Union;
We will fight these Northern Rebels, we'll route 'em
every where,
Shouting for Grant and the Union. (CHORUS.)

These repudiating rascals we'll battle night and day,
Shouting, &c.
They shall march to honest music, in spite of all they say,
Shouting, &c. (CHORUS.)

We've a soldier for our leader, and we are bound to win,
Shouting, &c.
And for him the grateful freedman will fight through
thick and thin,
Shouting, &c. (CHORUS.)

Then fall in, fall in, we're marching! we're on our con-
quering way,
Shouting, &c.
We are bound to win a vict'ry, on next Election Day,
Shouting, &c. (CHORUS.)

Andy's Lament.

AIR—*Oh, take me back to Tennessee.*

Oh, take me back to Tennessee,
The spot where I belong;
This air, it don't agree with me—
It seems to be too strong.
Ah, when I see my home again,
How happy I shall be!
I missed it, when I came away,
From good old Tennessee.

CHORUS.

Alas! I fear I'm played out here,
My party's done with me;
I'll change my tune, and very soon,
Return to Tennessee.

I've put the "Constitution" through,
As much as I knew how;
I've Swung Around the Circle, too,
And swing a little now;
But what's the use of all this pains?
I'm sure it does not pay;
Like dogs and other useful things,
I fear I've had my day. (CHORUS.)

Their Sickles, Sheridans, and such,
Were men I could not stand;
But oh, I played with fire too much,
I've fairly burnt my hand.
These Union folks—though they are queer—
Their freaks I did not mind;
But, when my friends deserted me,
Oh, that was *too* unkind! (CHORUS.)

The game is up; I'll do no more
 For this ungrateful crew:
 I leave the "Flag" I left before—
 The "Constitution," too.
 Oh, take me back to Tennessee,
 As soon as we can go:
 I fain would see that little shop
 Where first I learned to sew. (CHORUS.)

Here's to General Grant.

Here's to General Grant,—drink it down! [Drink it down!]

Here's to General Grant,—drink it down! [Drink it down!]

Here's to General Grant,

Let no true man say he can't!

Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down!

Here's to our Cause,—drink it down! [Drink it down!]

Here's to our Cause,—drink it down! [Drink it down!]

Here's to our Cause,—

Never pause, never pause!

Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down!

Here's to the Flag,—drink it down! [Drink it down!]

Here's to the Flag,—drink it down! [Drink it down!]

Here's to the Flag!

May she wave from every crag!

Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down!

Here's to the Nation,—drink it down! [Drink it down!]

Here's to the Nation,—drink it down! [Drink it down!]

Here's to the Nation,—

And our Leader, its salvation!

Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down!

The Star of the West.

AIR—*Sparkling and Bright.*

Brightest and best
Shines the Star of the West!
Majestic is its story:
When clouds of war
Dimmed many a star,
Then its ray was full of glory!

CHORUS.

Oh, the Star of the West,
We love it best,
'Tis the Star of Truth and Duty!
Its kingly ray
All hearts obey,
For 'tis glorious in its beauty.

Dark was the day
When its steady ray
On the troubled land shed brightness!
Its beam so bold,
With its gleams of gold,
Made the heavy heart all lightness!

(CHORUS.)

This ray alone,
As it brightly shone,
Sent the clouds of war a-flying;
And the hopeful dreamed,
As it softly beamed
On the field of the dead and dying.

(CHORUS.)

In peace it can shine
With a might divine,

Through the clouds and storm and faction :
 ' May its light so clear,
 Full many a year,
 Save this good land from distraction.

(CHORUS)

The Fine Old Tennessee Gentleman.

AIR—Fine Old English Gentleman.

I'll sing you a charming melody, as fine as it can be,
 Of a man who was no gentleman, and lived in Tennessee,
 Who used to ply the needle at a furious old rate,
 With the "goose" a-heating in the stove, to make the
 seams all straight—

Like a stitching, witching tailor, he, all of the olden
 time.

His walls, be bound, were hung around, with garments
 new and old,

With fashion-plates, by Genio Scott or some one quite as
 bold,

And here "his worship" sat in state, with "gallowses"
 all loose;

And sewed, and snipped, and cabbaged too, just like the
 very deuce—

Like a driving, striving tailor, he, all of the olden time.

When winter's cold, his garments sold, he opened house
 to all,

And though a little bow-legged, still he featly led the ball;
 Nor was a single customer e'er driven from his hall;

For while he fitted all the great, he suited too the small,

Like a shrewd and prudent tailor, he, all of the olden
 time.

But time is mighty swift in flight, and so it came to pass,
This tailor boldly rose and said, his trade might go to
grass :

“To be a tailor all one’s life, one sure must be an ass !”
And so he took to politics, and soared away on gas,
Like a jolly politician, he, all of the olden time.

This way, you see, he came to be an Alderman so fair;
And then they took his measure, and they cut him out
for Mayor ;

The fit was good, and so they thought they’d try him on
once more,

They kept his goose all warm for him, and made him
Governor,

This enterprising rising man, all of the olden time.

How he became our President, I surely need not tell;
His deeds, and famous pilgrimage, you all remember
well;

He swung the dizzy circle round, he told his story o’er:
And, all at once, the people found, their President a
bore,

This fine old gent from Tennessee, all of the present
time.

He soon began to interfere with all that Congress did,
And made his mischief all the more, the more he was
forbid ;

Removed Dan Sickles—being set against his wooden leg,
And tried to oust Phil. Sheridan, who wouldn’t budge a
peg,

This very proper Copperhead, all of the present time.

At length he got our gallant Phil and several more removed,
While every rebel North and South his sentiments ap-
proved ;

And thinking that a stitch in time would save a deal of sewing,

Put Gen. Grant in Stanton's place, to keep the mill a-going,
This "accidental" gentleman, all of the present time.

But Grant stuck by his comrades ; he wouldn't let them go ;

When tempted by the President, his word was always
"No !"

He went to saving money for good old Uncle Sam ;
For hints and threats and promises he didn't care a
—clam,

This military gentleman, all of the present time.

And now that Congress sits again, and all things are secure,

This accidental President, whose friends once called him
"boor,"

Is wretched all the while because he can no mischief do,
For Grant and Congress stand prepared to put this rebel
through,

This mischief making gentleman all of the present
time.

Victoria !

AIR—*Litoria*. [Yale College Song.]

Our camp it was a jolly home !

Rub-dub-a-rub-dub-boom !

We love it still, where'er we roam,

Rub-dub-a-rub-dub-boom !

DUET—The good old songs we use'd to sing
'Mid mem'ry's echoes long shall ring,
Rub-dub-a-rub-dub-boom !

CHORUS.

Victoria! victoria! Rub-dub-a-rub-dub-rub-dub-dub.
Victoria! victoria! Rub-dub-a-rub-dub-boom!

When false alarms would route us out,
Rub-dub, &c.,
We'd quickly face to the right about,
Rub-dub, &c.,

DUET—We'd lie all day in the cosy shade,
Rub-dub, &c.,
Smoking the pipe that we had made,
Rub-dub, &c.

CHORUS—Victoria! &c.

And when the day of battle came,
Rub-dub, &c.,
With steady nerve we took our aim,
Rub-dub, &c.

DUET—We'd fight the rebels till we couldn't see,
Rub-dub, &c.,
Next morning praised by U. S. G.,
Rub-dub, &c.

CHORUS—Victoria! &c.

We're Going in Strong for the Union.

AIR—*For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.*

We're going in strong for the Union,
We're going in strong for the Union,
We're going in strong for the Union,
And here's to General Grant!
And here's to General Grant, my boys,
The man the people want,
For we're going in strong, &c.

We have had enough of your Johnson,
We have had enough of your Johnson,
We have had enough of your Johnson,
And now for a different man,
And now for a different man, my boys,
Got up on a different plan,
For we're going in strong, &c.

Oh, Grant is the man for the nation,
For he has proved its salvation;
He'd fight on a mighty small ration,
To save this glorious land !
To save this glorious land, my boys!
So give him your heart and hand !
For Grant is the man, &c.

It is good to live in the right house,
Although it's as small as a light-house;
And every one knows that the White House
Is the place for General Grant,
The place for General Grant, my boys,
The place for General Grant.
For it is good to live, &c.

Some say we want a " civilian ;"
But what do you want, if a million
Of rebels begin a *cotillion*
And dance on the good old flag !
And dance on the good old flag, my boys ;
And dance on the Union Flag,
Yet, some say, &c.

We want to feel sure of our bacon,
In case these fellows do take on,
And they will be mightily shaken,
We guess, by General Grant.

Then drink to President Grant, my boys
 To stout old General Grant,
 For we want to feel sure, &c.

Wait till next November.

AIR—*Camptown Races.*

Who said traitors should be hung?

CHORUS.—Andy Johnson!

Who fooled millions with his tongue?

CHORUS.—Andy, Andy J.

Who said Congress was all right?

CHORUS.—Andy, Johnson!

Who took the oath when he was tight?

CHORUS.—Andy, Andy J.

GRAND CHORUS.

Wait till next November,

Wait till Election Day!

We'll have a President—never fear—

Whose name is not Andy J.

Who at first was thought so sound? (CHOR.)

Who the circle swung around? (CHOR.)

Who said Mayor Monroe was right? (CHOR.)

Who beats Judas out of sight? (CHOR.)

(GRAND CHORUS.)

Who put patriots under ban? (CHOR.)

Who removed Phil Sheridan? (CHOR.)

Stanton, who suspended him? (CHOR.)

Who is the slave of every whim? (CHOR.)

(GRAND CHORUS.)

Who found one he couldn't handle? (CHOR.)

To whom he couldn't hold a candle? (CHOR.)

Who knows who will fill his shoes? (CHOR.)

Who's tormented with the blues? (CHOR.)

(GRAND CHORUS.)

To the Grand Army of the Republic.

AIR—*Hail Columbia.*

Hail, ye heroes, loyal band,
Who have fought to save our land!
May your renown, fore'er extending,
Patriots cheer, their rights defending;
Here, let all, in loudest songs,
Give praise that to your needs belongs.
Let the Union be your boast—
Ever mindful what it cost,—
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies!

CHORUS.

Firm, united, comrades, stand!
Let us save our Father land!
Truth and Justice be our cry:
Heaven will give us victory!

Noble patriots! rise once more!
Fight, though not as once before,
But, firm as rocks, the foe withstand,
Let not a traitor's impious hand
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize!
Blest with leaders great and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust;
Truth and Justice shall prevail,
And every traitorous project fail.

(CHORUS.)

Lo! the Chief, who now commands,
Still to save his country stands.
The rock on which the storms are beating,
Rudest shocks with valor meeting,

Armed with virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you!
When our hearts sank in dismay,
Gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His firm mind, from changes free,
Triumph, peace, and joy, could see.

(CHORUS.)

To the Veterans of the War.

AIR—*Maryland, My Maryland.*

Matchless in the storied page,
Are your deeds, Columbia's brave!
They shall shine from age to age,
Long as Freedom's banners wave!

CHORUS.

Hail, ye true and loyal band,
Who have fought to save our land!
Ever great and glorious
Be your deeds victorious.

Those were weary years of toil,
O, ye soldiers, battle worn!
Oft ye stood, 'mid war's turmoil,
Bearing high your banners torn! (CHORUS.)

What was comfort—what was life,
In the cause you risked them for?
Unity must come of strife—
Peace must still be born of war! (CHORUS.)

Glorious leaders, on the land,
Glorious leaders on the sea!
Formed by Heaven to command—
Farragut and Grant for me! (CHORUS.)

Thanks to them and you, brave boys!

Still the Union flourishes!

Source of all a patriot's joys—

Freedom's germ it nourishes! (CHORUS.)

Never more shall rebel rag

Poison Freedom's native air!

But our noble Union Flag,

Proud, shall float forever there! (CHORUS.)

Say, Darkies, have you seen Ulysses.

AIR—Kingdom Coming.

Say, darkies, have you seen Ulysses, wid the mustache
on his face,

The white folks say how he's sartain sure to fill old
Andy's place;

He's fifty foot one way, sixty foot 'tother, and wears
three silver stars,

His coat is blue with big gilt buttons, and he smokes the
strong segars.

CHORUS.

Oh, massa say ha! ha! darkie laugh ho! ho!

It must be now the election's comin' in the year of Jubilo.

He smokes all de time like a Union gunboat, a-kindlin'
of its fires,

And whatever he says goes as swift as 'lightnin' along de
'lectric wires;

His shinin' eye am a great deal brighter than the golden
light of day,

And if by chance you should come across him, de darkie
faint away. (CHORUS.)

His beard is thick as a tangled canebreak; and his mus-
tache dreadful long,

And if he sneeze it 'll knock you over, he is so mighty strong ;

He cough one day down in old Virginny when a-chasin' General Lee,

And all de ships in de big Potomac river went sailing out to sea. (CHORUS.)

Oh, I've got a vote along wid massa, on the big election day,

I'll give it sure to the great Ulysses, who drove the rebs away ;

He's fifty foot one way, sixty foot 'tother, and he wears three shiny stars,

His coat is blue with big gilt buttons, and he smokes the strong segars. (CHORUS.)

On the Battle's Field he Stood.

AIR—*Tramp ! Tramp ! Tramp !*

On the battle field he stood,

When the brazen cannon boomed,

And the shot and shell fell screaming thick and fast ;

His eagle eye it pierced

The battle cloud that loomed,

Till peace shone o'er the bleeding land at last.

CHORUS.

Grant ! Grant ! Grant ! his name is sounding,

Say, gallant comrades, do you hear ?

From East to farthest West

Underneath the Starry Flag,

The echoes fling the answer far and near.

His brow is grave and stern,

And beneath his glance is bright,

And his name and fame are known the wide world o'er
 He has nobly won his stars,
 He will side alone with right,
 For his heart is true and loyal to the core. (CHOR.)

In the foremost rank he stands,
 While we're waiting for the day
 That shall dawn with added victory at last;
 When the Nation's heart shall glow,
 And the people all shall say
 The clouds of doubt and trouble all are past. (CHOR.)

Vote for Grant.

AIR—*The Boys that Wear the Green:*

A shout comes up from every heart,
 And echoes through the land,
 The time draws near, my countrymen,
 Now boldly take your stand.
 Let wicked traitors fawn and lie,
 And wild fanatics rant;
 Be thou upon the side of right,
 And cast your vote for Grant.

CHORUS.

The Union of America,
 Let nothing it destroy;
 And may our children's children live
 Its blessings to enjoy.

Cheer up, brave hearts, the golden hour
 Of victory draws nigh;
 And high above the parting clouds,
 Reveal the azure sky.
 Now firmly on the mountain's height,
 The Nation's standard plant;

Stand firmly by the side of right,
And cast your vote for Grant. (CHORUS.)

Thick on the hills and on the vales
Our patriot graves are sown,
And thrice above their sleeping dust
The flowers of peace have blown;
Above them there is dreamful rest,
The yellow sunbeams slant,
Then for the sake of those who bled,
Go, cast your vote for Grant. (CHORUS.)

God Bless the Flag.

AIR—*God Save the Queen.*

God bless the Flag we love,
Waving the land above,
God bless the Flag!
Flag of the brave and free,
Emblem of Liberty,
Where e'er its stars may be,
God bless the Flag!

Fling out the Stripes and Stars,
Seamed with the battle's scars,
God bless the Flag!
Stained with the battle's smoke,
When the fierce cannon woke,
And the sweet silence broke,
God bless the Flag!

See where it waves on high,
Proudly it greets the sky;
God bless the Flag!
For over land and sea,
Emblem of Liberty,

Where e'er its stars may be,
God bless the Flag!

Long wave the Stripes and Stars;
Long live our gallant tars;

God bless the Flag!

Long live our soldiers brave,
Grant and the boys that gave
Treason its lasting grave,
God bless the Flag!

Come Voters All.

AIR—*Columbia's Call.*

Oh, come, voters all, 'tis your country's earnest call,
Resounding over hill and plain;

Let every one obey as nearer draws the day;

Oh, may she never call in vain.

Glorious the victory before us,

Blessed the day of triumphs nigh,

Then join heart and hand for the welfare of the land,

Wherever the starry flag may fly.

CHORUS—Glorious, &c.

Oh, dark have been the days, with no fair sun's cheering
rays,

And sad the gloomy years gone by;

But those troubled times are past and no longer overcast.

Fair and bright above us shines the sky.

Now that the cruel war is over;

Now that the flag waves over all,

Oh, join heart and hand for the welfare of the land,

And answer your country's earnest call.

CHORUS—Glorious, &c.

Oh, softly blow the gales through the happy wooded vales,
Since peace dawned through the battle cloud,
And hushed as it drew nigh the ringing battle-cry,
And the cannon as they thundered loud.
Come, then, oh North and South united,
Come, then, oh East and West, and plant,
On the golden sunrise height, our banner fair and bright,
And vote, voters, all of you, for Grant.

CHORUS.—Glorious, &c.

Ulysses, the Soldier of Fame.

AIR—*Jessie, the Belle at the Bar.*

For the coming grand election
We have made a great selection,
A man whose trusty sword has won
A dozen fields and more ;
He's a soldier by vocation,
The best in all the Nation,
And his name and fame are heralded
The wide world o'er and o'er ;
He wears three shining stars,
This gallant son of Mars,
Upon his shoulders broad,
Three stars of silver bright,
In a field of deepest blue,
Like the heaven's azure hue,
And they scintillate and sparkle
Just like the stars of night.

CHORUS.

The lawyer and the tailor ;
The merchant and the sailor ;
Our brave and valiant soldiers and our gallant jack-tars ;

The butcher and the baker,
And the quiet looking quaker,
All are for the brave Ulysses, who wears the triple stars.

The brave and famous soldier,
With the stars upon his shoulder,
Is the man above all others for
The Presidential chair.

He's the people's own selection,
He is sure of the election,
And all other hopeless candidates
May give up in despair.

He will stand beside the right,
Though the wrong be armed with might,
And by his stern rebuke he will
Make treason blush with shame.

Then roll out your loud hurrahs,
For the gallant son of Mars,
For the welkin now is ringing
With the splendor of his fame. (CHORUS.)

Ulysses Grant.

AIR—*Pat Malloy.*

For four long years, four dreadful years, the cannon
thundered loud,
And thick and dark around us hung the battle's angry
cloud;
Our starry flag waved in the breeze amid the storm of
shell,
Though seamed and scarred, through good and ill, till
lying treason fell,
At Chattanooga's gory siege and in the Wilderness,
Before proud Richmond's halls and towers that trembled
with distress;

Oh, Heaven bless our gallant chief, our banner firmly
plant,

For Columbia is our country, and our President is Grant.

Oh, Andy will, ere very long, evacuate the chair,
And in his stead we're bound to put the brave Ulysses
there;

For Grant is just the man to fill that high exalted place,
The hero's name is written on his frank and manly face;
And in a corner of his heart, which nobody can see,
He has the welfare of the land, the birth-place of the
free!

Oh, Heaven bless our gallant chief, our banner firmly
plant,

For Columbia is our country, and our President is Grant.

Through Europe and America his name sounds far and
wide;

The storm winds waft it o'er and o'er the briny ocean's
tide;

Whenever from a speaker's lips that hero's name they
hear,

The people make the welkin ring with sounding cheer on
cheer;

For he is just the man to fill the Presidential chair,
And if the country knows itself we're bound to place him
there;

Then Heaven bless our gallant chief, our banner firmly
plant,

For Columbia is our country, and our President is Grant.

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Rally Around the Polls.

AIR—*Johnny Fill up the Bowl.*

Election day will soon come round,

Come round! come round!

Election day will soon come round,

Come round ! come round !

Election day will soon come round,

And when it does I will be bound

CHORUS—We'll all vote for Gen. Grant,

Rally around the polls.

Donelson, it was the spot

For balls ! for balls !

Donelson, it was the spot

For balls ! for balls !

Donelson, it was the spot

For screaming shell and solid shot. (CHORUS.)

Oh, Chattanooga was the place

For shell ! for shell !

Oh, Chattanooga was the place

For shell ! for shell !

Oh, Chattanooga was the place

That brought secession to disgrace. (CHORUS.)

Richmond city was the town

For balls ! for balls !

Richmond city was the town

For balls ! for balls !

Richmond city was the town

Where haughty treason tumbled down.

(CHORUS.)

The Army Blue.

AIR—*Wearing of the Green.*

Oh, soldiers, say if you have heard the news that's going round,

'Twill make each true and loyal heart with joy and gladness bound,

General Grant is up for President, he's the man for me
and you,

He'll get the vote of all the boys that wear the army blue.

It was down in old Virginia that he put the foe to route;
Though it took the whole of summer, on that line he
fought it out;

Long that day will be remembered when the Southern
rebels flew

Before the brave Ulysses, who wears the army blue.

In front of frowning Richmond his cannon thundered
loud;

And from their brazen throats arose the battle's angry
cloud;

And thick and fast dropped shot and shell, the wild air
screaming through,

And rose the shouts above our lines where shone the army
blue.

Now the cruel war is over and Peace smiles once again,
And hushed is now the cannon's voice, the bitter groans
of pain;

And Grant, the country's hero, the valiant and the true,
Will be elected by the boys that wore the army blue.

Oh, Columbia, happy country, more blest than all the
lands,

Forever more united thy people's hearts and hands;

No more the traitor's clamor the struggle shall renew,

With Ulysses Grant for President who wears the army
blue.

The Presidential Wagon.

AIR—*Wait for the Wagon.*

It is election morning, the moments swiftly glide,

So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Bring out the wagon, bring out the wagon,
Bring out the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

No, thank you, Mr. Pendleton, I'm not inclined to go,
Your wagon's not a safe one, and your team is very slow.
So don't bring out your wagon, so don't bring out your
wagon,

So don't bring out your wagon, your team it is too slow.

It is election morning, the moments swiftly glide,
Come jump into my wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Bring out the wagon, bring out the wagon,
Bring out the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

No, thank you, Mr. Chase, sir, I do not feel inclined,
Your wagon's full of greenbacks, so you really needn't
mind.

So don't bring out your wagon, so don't bring out your
wagon,

So don't bring out your wagon, for you really needn't
mind.

It is election morning, the moments swiftly glide,
So jump into my wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Bring out the wagon, bring out the wagon,
Bring out the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

No, thank you, Mr. Sherman, we've much regard for you,
Your ambulance is handy, but it won't exactly do.

So don't bring out your wagon, so don't bring out your
wagon,

Your ambulance is handy, but it won't exactly do.

It is election morning, the moments swiftly glide,
Come jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Bring out the wagon, bring out the wagon,
Bring out the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Oh, thank you, brave Ulysses, your wagon's safe and strong.
Your team it is the fastest, and so we'll go with you along,

Then bring out the wagon, bring out the wagon,
Then bring out the wagon, and we'll go with you along.

Talking of the Old Battle Fields.

AIR—*Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.*

We've been talking to-night of the old battle fields;
Give us a song, and fill
Your glasses up—that song that used
To make each bosom thrill.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are joyous to-night,
Now that the war is done;
Many are the hearts cheering for the Right,
Proving that victory is won.
Cheering to-night, cheering to-night,
While telling of the old battle-fields.

We've been talking to-night of the old battle fields,
Talking of the years gone past;
Of the comrades who fell while fighting by our sides,
'Mid the cannon's fearful blast. (CHORUS.)

Our thoughts go back to the old battle-fields,
While talking here to-night;
To the valiant hearts that mingled in the fray,
While fighting for the Right. (CHORUS.)

We've been talking to-night of the old battle-fields,
While the fleeting hours grew brief;
Of the heroes that fell fighting by our sides,
And of Grant our glorious chief.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are joyous to-night,
Now that the war is done;

Many are the hearts cheering for the Right,
And the Hero's name who won.
Cheering to-night, cheering to night,
While talking of the old battle-fields.

Our Own Ulysses.

AIR—*Juliana, Phæbiana, Constantina Brown.*

Oh! I'm going to sing a song to you about a certain man;
My throat is dry, my song is short, 'tis time I had began:
So first of all I'll tell you of my gallant hero's name;
I rather think you'll all confess 'tis slightly known to fame.

CHORUS.

For he fought so well,
Until Treason fell.

Of all the gallant soldier lads no other can supplant,
Our own Ulysses, brave Ulysses, gallant Ulysses Grant.

Oh, the first time that I saw him he wore the three bright
stars;

And my ears were almost deafened by the thunder of
hurrahs;

Upon the house-tops proudly waved the banner of our
land;

And all the folks pressed round to shake the hero by the
hand. (CHORUS.)

It's he that's up for President, he's just the sort of man,
To win the next election, no other really can;
For when he placed the Stars and Stripes before a rebel
town,

The banner with the Stars and Bars was sure to be
hauled down! (CHORUS.)

A Health to Grant.

AIR—*The Red, White and Blue.*

Here's a health to the chief of the Nation,
The chief that so soon is to be,
Columbia's pride and salvation,
The gallant Ulysses is he ;
The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill ye it up to the brim ;
The wreath he has won cannot wither,
Nor the stars on his shoulder grow dim.

CHORUS.—Nor the stars, &c.

His sword made Secession to tremble,
And crouch at his feet in the fight ;
His name calls the hosts to assemble,
That flock in defense of the Right.
The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill ye it up to the brim,
The wreath he has won cannot wither,
Nor the stars on his shoulder grow dim. (CHO.)

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
It was Grant, the beloved of the Nation,
That routed the whirlwind and storm.
The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill ye it up to the brim,
The wreath he has won cannot wither,
Nor the stars on his shoulder grow dim. (CHO.)

Shout the Call, Comrades.

AIR—*Ring the Bell, Watchman.*

High on the hill tops, go, comrades, and stand,
Shouting the call o'er the wide spreading land ;

Shout till ye waken the wild echoes all;
To the far distant ocean, shout, shout the call!

CHORUS.

Shout the call, comrades, shout! shout! shout!
Yes! yes! the good news to the winds fling it out;
Yes! yes! till ye waken the wild echoes all,
Make known the glad tidings, shout, shout the call!

Bearing your heads 'neath the flag waving high,
Greeting the blue of the bright morning sky;
Then with a vigor, appealing to all,
O'er the wide rolling valley, shout, shout the call! (CHO.)

Hear from the woodlands the answer they fling,
Loud in the mountains the wild echoes ring,
"Grant! Grant! noble chieftain," their clear voices all,
In chorus repeating, "shout, shout, the call!" (CHOR.)

Bonfires shall blaze, and rockets shoot high,
Proclaiming the triumph with joy to the sky;
Shout till ye waken the wild echoes all,
To the far distant ocean, shout, shout the call! (CHOR.)

Our Flag My Boys.

Unroll the stripes and stars my boys,
The lesson of the battles heeding;
Can we forget the bars, my boys,
That waved while hearts and wounds were bleeding.

CHORUS.

Our hearts are true as steel, my boys,
And every man's a brother,
While we have hearts to feel, my boys,
Our hands will help each other.

Up with the tapering mast, my boys,
As high as any lofty steeple ;
Then make our banner fast, my boys,
The standard of the loyal people. (CHORUS.)

Free labor and free speech, my boys,
And U. S. G. for our chief leader ;
And a free press to teach, my boys,
Our Nation saved and free, God speed her. (CHOR.)

Up with the Mast and Flag.

Up where the masses are shouting hosannahs,
Up gallant heroes and gird for the fight,
Up with the mottoes on star spangled banners,
Freedom, the ballot, and God for the right.

The guns of our leader in battle have spoken,
Their echoes are heard in the East and the West ;
The rod and the yoke of oppression are broken,
Like the broad sea swells humanity's breast.

Hearts of our patriot brothers are beating,
Music of freedom in these hearts of ours ;
Crowns of sharp thorns, now have blossomed repeating,
In chaplets of glory, the sweetest of flowers.

Shout again with a voice heaven rending,
May the sword, shield and sheltering wing,
Chariots burning and mantles descending,
Be the golden reward of our welcoming.

Keeping Step with the Drum.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

Bronzed and battered and covered with scars,
Dressed in their faded uniforms,

Lifting aloft the standard of stars
They bore through the battle's storm.

CHORUS.

They come ! they come !
Keeping step with the drum,
The cheering street
Flings flowers at their feet.

Like a river the columns sweep by :
From the East like the break of day,
From the West like the hue of the sky,
At the call of the bugle they march away (CHORUS.)

They have charged in the face of the foe,
Through hot tempests of shot and shell,
When the war clouds were hanging low,
And the rain in red torrents fell. (CHORUS.)

They have marched through the swamps of the South.
And forded treacherous streams,
They have looked down the cannon's mouth,
By the light of its sulphur gleams. (CHORUS.)

These are the men who fought and bled,
Lighting their path with patriot flame ;
These are the men who fought in our stead,
Saving the nation and winning her fame. (CHORUS.)

Leaping through sharp hedges of fire,
When the sky rang like a funeral bell,
Up slippery mounds and parapets higher,
They fought with brothers who fell. (CHORUS.)

On bloody field and bloody redoubt,
On the march in the fiery strife,
The angel of death mustered heroes out,
God mustered them into eternal life. (CHORUS.)

The Siege of Vicksburg.

AIR—*Dearest May.*

Now, every loyal freeman,
Pray, listen, while I sing
Of a famous Union victory,
That made the country ring!
It was in the rebellion,—
The year was 'sixty-three;
The place was Vicksburg, and the man
Was Grant—old U. S. G.!

CHORUS.

Oh, Grant, 'twas you—
The noble and the true—
Whose matchless might,
In siege and fight,
Brought the good cause safely through!
In the Union Camp 'twas very hot;
In Vicksburg it was hotter;
The rebels—though they never bathed—
Were often in hot water!
Bread, beef, and whiskey, grew so scarce,
The big shells flew so fast,
The bravest reb began to fear
Each day would prove his last. (CHORUS.)
July the third, Old Pemberton—
So tired of war was he—
Sent hasty word, by flag of truce,
That Grant he wished to see.
“All right,” says Grant, “you’re just the man
I’ve tried so hard to meet!”
They met half-way, that very day,
And Pem. gave up the heat. (CHORUS.)

Next day (it was the glorious Fourth!)
 Near forty thousand men
 Laid down their arms, and promised no'er
 To take them up again!
 And now the thirsty ones could drink,
 The hungry ones could eat;
 So, both to rebs and Union men,
 That victory was sweet! (CHORUS.)

The Political Code.

AIR—*Cocachelunk.*

Lives of rascals oft remind us
 It don't pay to follow such;
 Always, these, know where to find us,—
 Following Grant, we'll beat the Dutch!

CHORUS.

Cocachelunk chelunk chelaly,
 Cocachelunk chelunk chela,
 Cocachelunk chelunk chelaly,
 Hi! O! Chickachelunk chela.

Seward and Johnson, Wood and Seymour,
 Pendleton, Blair, Vallandigham,—
 Sail in the new Salt River steamer,
 Bound for the land of cheat and sham! (CHOR.)

Talk not of Repudiation,
 Uncle Sam will pay his debts;
 Spite of all asseveration,
 Gold and silver are his pots. (CHORUS.)

Men that now would rob the darkey
 Of his vote, can never pass;
 They feel sure to win!—but hark'ee!—
 They are sure to go to grass! (CHORUS.)

Which side, comrade, do you go for?
Soldier, sailor,—what say you?
Our side, there's the biggest show for,—
Vote for Grant, for he's true blue! (CHORUS.)

No more politicians wanted
In the Presidential Chair!
Grant, the honest, firm, undaunted,—
He's the sort,—let's put him there! (CHORUS.)

Seward and Johnson, Wood and Seymour,
Pendleton, Blair, Vallandigham,
Are all aboard the Salt River steamer,—
Passages paid by Uncle Sam! (CHORUS.)

Trouble in the Camp.

Air—*Battle Cry of Freedom.*

There is trouble in the East, boys,—trouble in the West,—
Trouble, wherever you may go boys!
Yes, the Democrats have troubles that cannot be expressed;
Ask 'em, and they will tell you so, boys!
CHORUS.

Ulysses, forever, the loyal and true!
Shout for the hero, and vote for him, too!
Oh there's trouble all around, North and South, East and West:
Trouble wherever there's a foe, boys!

What's this trouble all about, boys?—surely it is strange,—
Warriors should never worry so, boys!
We've a battery that's planted out of their range:
That's what's the matter with the foe, boys!
(CHORUS.)

Oh, that battery is fearful—so their leaders say—

Dreadful to see the killed and wounded!

With the Grant Percussion Primer, those Union guns will
play

Hotly, till rebels are confounded. (CHORUS.)

There is trouble in the East, boys,—trouble in the West,—

Trouble wherever you may go, boys!

Yes, the democrats have troubles, it must be confessed,—

Ask 'em if that isn't so, boys! (CHORUS.)

We are all Waiting.

AIR—*We are all Nodding.*

We are all waiting,—wait, wait, waiting,—

We are all waiting for next Election Day.

There will be such a strife as the world never saw,

For every tough old rebel his rusty sword will draw!

Oh, we are all waiting, &c.

We are all going,—go, go, going,—

We are all going to mingle in the fray,

Such a crew as we shall fight, never fought a fight before;

And we fancy they will never need whipping any more!

For we are all going, &c.

We are all guessing,—guess, guess, guessing,—

We are all guessing they'll wish they hadn't fought!

For the Union Gun will drop 'em like pigeons; and be-
sides,

At our head is one who quickly will tan their rebel hides!

Oh, we are all guessing, &c.

We are all feeling,—feel, feel, feeling,—

We are all feeling so badly at the thought!

But it's none of our funeral, so we will not cry long!

Let us sing—to cheer our spirits—some good old Union song!

For we are all feeling, &c.

We are all cheering, cheer, cheer, cheering,—

We are all cheering for honest General Grant!

He's the man we admire, for he's stood rebel fire;

And like blessed Old Virginny, in the cause he'll never tire!

Oh, we are all cheering, &c.

Seward's Lament.

AIR—*Carry me back to Old Virginny.*

My name is Seward—at Washington

I've lived this many a year;

I'm Johnson's right hand, left hand, man,

His very front and rear.

I'm deathly sick of such a life,—

My groans I can't sustain;

Oh, take me back to Auburn dear,

And let me there remain.

CHORUS

Oh, take me out of Washington,—

From Johnson set me free!

Oh, carry me back to Auburn dear,

For there I long to be!

Once honest men respected me,—

The proud to me would bend;

For I was generous, true, sincere,

And I was freedom's friend.

'Twas so when Lincoln called me here;

So, even, when he died;

But Andrew Johnson's been my bane,

And gone is all my pride.

(CHORUS.)

This hapless year ends my career,—
I'm Chief of State no more.
'Tis not that Grant won't want me here,
That doesn't make me sore.
It is the thought that History
Will wonder how the deuce,
A "snip" could set up *such* a shop,
And use me for his "goose." (CHORUS.)

The Huzza Song.

For Grant, our noble candidate,
Huzza, huzza, huzza !
We'll place him in the Chair of State,
Huzza, huzza, huzza !
He's true as steel—an honest man :
His better, show us, if you can !
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza !
Huzza, huzza, huzza !
Behold our Banner, light and free,
Huzza, &c.,
Inscribed with "Grant and Liberty !"
Huzza, &c.,
No compromise with traitors, there !
It waves for Union everywhere !
Huzza, &c.
Of demagogues we've had enough,
Huzza, &c.,
We will not stand their traitorous stuff,
Huzza, &c.
Let politicians stand aside,
In Grant, the honest, we confide !
Huzza, &c.

Let every patriot raise his voice,
Huzza, &c.,
For U. S. Grant, the People's choice !
Huzza, &c.,
For him we'll work, for him we'll vote !
The Ship of State shall safely float !
Huzza, &c.

The Patriot's Appeal.

AIR—*Vive L'America.*

Sons of Columbia ! noble and free,—
Proud of your Flag, on land and on sea !
Shall foul dishonor breathe on its folds ;
While this proud land one patriot holds ?
The pledge of the Nation shall traitors deny ?
Never ! we swear it, by earth and by sky !

CHORUS.

Ever Columbia ! sacred to thee,
Honor and truth through thy borders shall be !
Lovers of justice, liberty, truth,—
Lovers of freedom,—generous youth !—
Can you forget all the freedman has done ?
Will you withhold the dear rights he has won ?
Shame to the soul that oppresses the weak ;
Honor to all who for Justice will speak !

CHORUS.

Ever, Columbia !—sacred to thee,
Honor and truth through thy borders shall be !
Men of the Nation ! look to your Flag !
Lest, in the dust, its proud folds should drag !
Rouse, or the cowardly, reckless, and base,
Soon may be mighty in power and place !

Let every patriot here take his stand ;—
God help the just to redeem this fair land !

CHORUS.

Ever, Columbia ! loyal to thee—
Strong and united thy true sons shall be !

Union Marching Song.

AIR—*John Brown's Body.*

Firm and undaunted, lo ! the loyal legions come !
All keeping time to the music of the drum ;
Every rebel foeman with dismay is stricken dumb.
As we go marching on !

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah !
Glory, glory, hallelujah !
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
As we go marching on !

The heart of the Nation now is beating warm and true,
Sons of the Union, for your glorious cause and you !—
They know we're faithful to the Red, White, and Blue,
As we go marching on ! (CHORUS.)

Storm-clouds are flying, and the skies are growing clear ;
Faint hearts beat stronger as they see the coming cheer ;—
Peace, joy, and plenty, wait to deck our banner dear,
As we go marching on ! (CHORUS.)

Glory and honor to our Grant, forevermore !
Nothing can daunt us while Ulysses goes before !—
“ Grant and the Union ! ”—let the cry ring, o'er and o'er,
As we go marching on ! (CHORUS.)

Bully Boy, Ulysses.

AIR—*Pretty Little Sarah.*

My brain is like a whirligig, and keeps a turning round;
The doctor says it's getting so elated
On foaming lager beer and good old sweitzer kase,
And that is why I am so shallow pated.
I've come before you here to-night to sing a little song,
For this one occasion, it will not take me long;
I've bet on this election, but of that I only speak;
For what a bet it must have been on fifty cents a week.

CHORUS.

Bully Boy, Ulysses, with three shining stars,
His shoulder straps with silver light adorning;
He's sure to be our President, this gallant son of Mars;
So vote for him right early in the morning

He entered at West Point when just seventeen years old;
Regarding his right name they were mistaken,
But they gave him there, the famous U. S. G.,
Our gallant hero never has forsaken.
With Taylor and with Scott he went to Mexico,
And 'twas there through pluck he got his captain's bars,
you know;
And when the war was done, a farmer then he turned,
And by hard manly labor an honest living earned.

(CHORUS.)

Then with his dad and brother into the leather trade
The bold Ulysses went, a worthy dealer;
But when the war broke out a company he raised,
And made an offer of it as a feeler.
He drilled his Western troops, and everybody knows,
Before the war was done, how very high he rose,

He's sure to be next President, but that he doesn't seek ;
I'll bet you all my wages down, just fifty cents a week.

(CHORUS.)

Meet Me at the Polls.

AIR—*Meet Me in the Lane.*

Meet me at the polls, boys,
When it strikes ten,
And I will let you know, boys,
All about it then.
My heart is almost burning,
My head is nearly turning,
With thinking all day madly
Of the war that's past,
When the battle cloud was glooming,
And cannon loud were booming
So many brave hearts dooming
By their frightful blast.—
I'll meet you at the polls, boys,
When it strikes ten,
And I will let you know, boys,
All about it then.
My heart is almost burning,
My brain is nearly turning
With thinking all day madly
Of the war that's past.

CHORUS.

I'll meet you at the polls, boys,
When it strikes ten,
And I will let you know, boys,
All about it then.
I'll meet you at the polls, boys,
I'll meet you at the polls, boys,

Meet me, meet me

When the clock strikes ten.

I'll leave you at the polls, boys,

At the set of sun,

Then you may be certain, boys,

That the day is won.

We cannot fail, no never!

His stars no hand can sever;

His name will live forever,

The great Ulysses Grant!

I'll leave you at the polls, boys,

At the set of sun,

Then you may be certain, boys,

That the day is won!

We cannot fail, no never!

His stars no hand can sever;

His name will live forever,

The great Ulysses Grant!

(CHORUS.)

Farewell to Massa Johnson.

AIR—*Nicodemus Johnson.*

I's just arrove in town to-day,

An' here I is before you,

To sing about de big ole Yankee nation,

And of de Pres.dential Chair

So nigh to 'vacuation.

So good-bye, good-bye to poor ole Massa Johnson.

I live way down in Tennessee

Where poor ole Andy comes from,

And worked for years upon de next plantation;

He was a tailor in them days,

Dat was his occupation.

Then good-bye, good-bye to poor ole Massa Johnson.

I's glad de 'lection comin' roun',
'Cause why I's gwine to tell you,
Old Andy will no longer rule dis Nation;
And Massa Grant in place of him
Be 'lected to dat station.
So good-bye, good-bye to poor ole Massa Johnson.

Our Brave Soldier Boy.

AIR—*The Bowld Sojer Boy*

Oh, there's not a man that's going—
Worth showing, or knowing—
But his heart is all o'er flowing
For our brave Soldier Boy!
Wherever he may go,
He will know friend from foe;
Every loyal hand will show
For our brave Soldier Boy!
There's not a town he'll enter,
But, to its very centre,—
In spite of rebel mentor—
Will rush a thrill of joy:
'Tis our gallant Ulysses Grant,
That fought his way and won the day!
No wonder they honor
Our brave Soldier Boy!

Oh, when the fight raged free,
U. S. G.,—Where was he?
In the van—where he should be—
Stood our brave Soldier Boy!
“For the Union and the Right
We will fight, day and night,
While a rebel is in sight!”

Cries our bold Soldier Boy!
Then comes on the tug of battle;
And, while guns and cannon rattle,
"Go in and show your mettle!"
Cries our bold Soldier Boy!
No wonder, then, that loyal men
Their standard plant and shout for Grant!
For he's the people's darling—
This brave Soldier Boy!

The Chieftain.

AIR—*The Chormer.*

I'll now describe our Chieftain
As I saw him on the field,
A monstrous sabre in his hand,
Like a feather he did wield.

CHORUS.

He's as blooming as a rose,
As everybody knows,
And from between his lips, oh! oh!
An awful cloud he blows.

He rode a fiery charger
That trod on hoofs of steel,
And underneath his powerful tread
The solid earth did reel. (CHORUS.)

He blew a whiff of 'bacca smoke,
As if in boyish play,
And, thicker than a curtain, it
Obscured the light of day. (CHORUS.)

The rebels thought that certain
The night had come at last;

And on the field where they had fought
 Their ragged forms they cast. (CHORUS.)

He took His mighty sabre,
 With crimson blood stains red,
 And with a fell terrific swoop
 He cut off every head. (CHORUS.)

And like a wounded serpent
 The grim rebellion lay,
 That for so long had filled our hearts
 With terror and dismay. (CHORUS.)

And so we'll make him President,
 Our chieftain true and brave,
 Whose mighty sabre placed at last
 Secession in its grave. (CHORUS.)

The Grant Brigade.

AIR—*The Cluck Brigade.*

BY DAN. EMMET.

Who's coming, now,—who's coming?

CHORUS—Savers of the Union!

Who's coming, now,—who's coming?

CHORUS—Make room,—make room!

What means this awful drumming?

CHORUS—Savers of the Union—

Hurra! hurra!

Here come the Union boys!

GRAND CHORUS.

Now for the grand parade!

Be quick; let no one lag!

Hurra! Hurra!

Ulysses is the Union General—

We're the Grant Brigade!

Then cheer, boys, for the Flag,—
Ready?—ready!—hip,—hurra, hurra!

Now listen to the tramping,
(CHORUS.)

Now listen to the tramping.
(CHORUS.)

Like all the world a-camping,
(CHORUS.)

I'll join that band of brothers,
(CHORUS:)

I'll join that band of brothers,
(CHORUS.)

And bring in many others!
(CHORUS.)

The Excelsior Rebel.

AIR—*Upidee.*

The shades of night were falling fast—
CHORUS—Upidee! Upidee!

As through a Southern village passed
CHORUS—Upidee-i-da!

A reb, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device:

CHORUS—C. S. A., I say, I say!

C. S. A., C. S. A.,

C. S. A.; I say, I say,—

C. S. A., I say!

His look was bad; beneath one eye (CHORUS.)

He had a boil—or else, a sty; (CHORUS.)

And, like an old accordeon, sung

The accents of that tipsy tongue. (CHORUS.)

"Oh, stay," a landlord said, "and take (CHORUS.)

A little rye, for friendship's sake; (CHORUS.)

A wink closed up his other eye—

"Ketch me!" he answered, with a sigh. (CHORUS.)

At break of day, another man—

CHORUS—U. S. G.; U. S. G.!

A hunt for this poor reb. began—

CHORUS—U. S. G.; U. S. G.!

He found him on a little knoll,

And down his cheek the tears did roll.

CHORUS—U. S. G. I see, I see!

U. S. G.; U. S. G.!

U. S. G. I see, I see!—

U. S. G. I see!

Come, cheer up, sonny!" then said he,

CHORUS—U. S. G.; U. S. G.!

And took the poor boy on his knee;

CHORUS—U. S. G.; U. S. G.!

He gave him there, 'mid snow and ice,

A banner—with this strange device:—

CHORUS—U. S. G. I see, I see!

U. S. G.; U. S. G.!

U. S. G. I see, I see!

U. S. G. for me!

The Wrong and the Right Track.

AIR—*Oh, Susannah!*

I saw a sight, the other night,—

When everything was still,—

A Democrat, as blind as a bat,

Was toiling up a hill.

"Oh, for a guide!" he sadly cried—
And slipped full twenty feet,—
"Is this the Democratic road?
If so, I give up, beat!"

CHORUS.

Cheer up, comrade,—
Don't you give up, so!
Just try the good old Union road:
The way you ought to go!

Now once again, with might and main,
This hero tried the steep;
When he began, he fairly ran,
But soon was fain to creep.

"Alas!" cried he,— "and can it be?
My breath is growing scant;
I've half a mind to try and find
The road laid out by Grant!"

(CHORUS.)

To his surprise, his owly eyes
Now opened very wide;
And U. S. G. he plain could see,
High up the mountain side.
"Enough for me!" he cried, with glee,
And rushed through bush and brake.—

A course like that, no Democrat
Should hesitate to take.

(CHORUS.)



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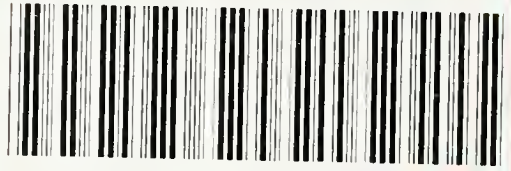
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